

# The Prairie Light Review

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Volume 38 | Number 2

Article 23

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Spring 5-1-2016

## Ishmael in New Bedford: A Mesostic Poem

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### Recommended Citation

Morris, Wilda (2016) "Ishmael in New Bedford: A Mesostic Poem," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 38: No. 2, Article 23.  
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol38/iss2/23>

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Ishmael in New Bedford: A Mesostic Poem  
Public Domain Image in New Mesostic Poem  
Wilda Morris

Wind screams  
along the shore, strong cold gusts  
blow angry  
clouds and the scent of fish from New Bedford,

raising ridges

of bubbles,  
waves high as the top of a hull.  
Now dusk drops;  
waves wash the rocky land

and night fills  
with calm, brightens;  
above, the archer,  
belted with light, sword  
at hand, gleams  
above a quay.

Now as cold clutches me  
tightly,  
holds my body, grasps  
me with icy claws,  
I daydream I'm in Sumatra

in seas far from here  
rocking on gentle  
swells under such a sky.

O, please, hunter, find me  
a warm place to stay  
tonight, lead me  
to a lit fire, scalding tea,  
a bed with warm blankets.

Tomorrow, after the glittering stars have faded  
and the sun is aloft,  
I will seek passage on a whaler,  
but now, I will walk under  
Orion till I find  
a place to stay  
for tonight,  
then I'll make the sea my home.